

P S
3515
ABM6
1906



Miscellaneous Poems

Rose J. Hartwick



Class PS 3515

Book . A8 M6

Copyright N^o 1906

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



MRS. ROSE J. HARTWICK

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

By

ROSE J. HARTWICK

*"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."*

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

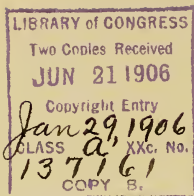


SAGINAW, MICHIGAN :

SAGINAW PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY
PRINTERS AND BINDERS

1906

PS 3515
. A8M6
1906



Copyrighted 1906
ROSE J. HARTWICK.



CONTENTS.

	Page
Preface - - - - -	7
Childhood Home - - - - -	9
To My Brother - - - - -	10
William McKinley - - - - -	12
Mrs. McKinley - - - - -	14
In Memory of Margaret Kniesley - - - - -	15
In Memory of Margaret Stansell - - - - -	17
My Little Curly Head - - - - -	18
Iroquois Theatre Fire - - - - -	19
Beautiful Flowers - - - - -	20
The Miner - - - - -	21
Clouds and Sunshine - - - - -	22
Beautiful Snow - - - - -	24
Church Creeds - - - - -	25
Smiles or Frowns - - - - -	28
Bring Back my Wandering Girl - - - - -	29
I've Committed my All to Him - - - - -	31

	Page
Wanderer Come - - - -	32
Peace Be Still - - - -	32
Jesus Stay by Me - - - -	33
Cuba Before the War - - - -	34
Cuba After the War - - - -	35
Memorial Day - - - -	37
Thanksgiving Day - - - -	39
Christmas Day - - - -	41
New Year's Day, 1906 - - - -	42
Good Friday - - - -	44
Easter Dawn - - - -	44

HUMOROUS.

An Odd-Fellow's Experience - -	45
The Old and the Young - -	47
The Street Car Strike, Saginaw, Mich., 1905 -	50
My Mohawk Maid - - - -	52
Michigan Girls - - - -	53
Papa's Money Paves the Way - -	54
The Nice Summer Girl Turns you Down -	55

P R E F A C E.

Dear Reader:—In presenting to you this little volume, I have endeavored to condense the thoughts and events of every-day life in such a manner as to make them real, and have framed them in my own language as the different subjects have appealed to me. If I have succeeded in interesting or amusing you my effort has not been in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Childhood Home.

Home of my childhood, how dear to my heart,
And memory still clings to that hallowed spot,
Where in childhood I spent so many bright hours
In innocent youth 'neath your green, shady bowers.

In visions I see that dear home again;
But dreaming and sighing are now all in vain,
For the dear ones have passed to that beautiful shore,
And the faces that greet me not the loved ones
of yore.

The orchard, the meadow, the lake, and the hill,
Are there as of yore, to welcome me still;
But the old home is vacant, no dear faces I see,
No hurrying foot-steps with a welcome for me.

In the grave-yard yonder, on the slope of the hill,
There my forefathers sleep, but their memory still
Is fresh and green, and a tear-drop would start
At the memory of loved ones so dear to my heart.

As I wandered in childhood o'er those hills and
plains,
I ne'er thought of the future, nor its sordid gains,
But gathered wild flowers, was happy and free
As the song birds of summer with their home in
the tree.

But those bright days are past, ne'er to return,
And as years bring their cares, my heart fondly turns
To the scenes of my youth, my dear childhood home,
Where with loved ones and schoolmates so often
I've roamed.

But my footsteps are faltering, my locks turning
gray,
I'm tired of treading on life's rugged way;
When my life work is ended, and I lie down to rest,
I'll meet with my loved ones in the land of the blest.

To My Brother.

Fond memories go back to the days of yore,
Where in childhood we played by our cottage door,
And in fancy I see a bright-eyed boy
Who was his father's pride and his mother's joy.

But soon a shadow came to our home
And that loving mother was borne to the tomb,
Deprived of a mother's love and care
His joys and his sorrows I had to share.

Several years were then passed in our grandsire's
home,
Where in orchards and fields we delighted to roam;
In spring-time we gathered the blossoms so bright,
In autumn the fruit so luscious and ripe.

Many fond hopes were cherished by our grandsire
gray
That this brother would, at some future day,
Tread in the footsteps our grandfather trod,
And be a beacon light to lead sinners to God.

How well I remembered the first time he appeared
On the platform to speak; how they all cheered!
And with swelling heart, and face all aglow,
Our grandfather said: "He'll yet preach the gospel,
I know."

He lived to see his fond hopes realized,
And how the light would shine in his dim, fading
eyes,
At the mention of the name that to him was so dear,
"He's preaching the gospel, for him I've no fear."

Years have passed: that brother's still preaching the
Word,
From his lips many souls the gospel have heard.
When his life-work is ended, and his armor laid
down,
I trust many stars will be in his crown.

William McKinley.



On the sixth of September, nineteen hundred and one,
The most cowardly deed that ever was done,

Was the shooting of our President by the murderous
hand
Of a demon who posed in the form of a man.

It was President's Day, he was greeting his friends;
He said: "There's no need my life to defend,
The American people are loyal and true
To their country and flag, the red, white and blue."

The festivities were brought to a tragical end,
By a weapon concealed in the hands of a fiend;
And the nation received a terrible shock
When the news was wired: "Our President's shot."

Oh! treacherous man! Oh! dastardly deed!
It is time this nation awoke to her need,
And with one mighty effort rise up as one man
To drive treason and anarchy from this beautiful
land.

Through days of suffering not a murmur was heard,
Not a sigh of regret or a reproachful word;
But, if my labors are over and life's battles are won,
"Not my will, O God, but Thy will be done."

When he felt he was fast approaching the end,
He asked for his nearest and best earthly friend;
And the scene in that room there's no one can tell,
As he bade his loved wife a final farewell.

Then a kindly good-bye he bade one and all,
And was ready to go when the Master would call.
As he neared the dark river, hear his murmuring
plea:

“Draw me nearer, O God, yes, nearer to Thee.”

In a few short moments his spirit had fled,
And the bells told the nation their chieftain was dead.
Oh! grief-stricken people, dry the tears from your
eyes,

And learn from his death how a Christian can die.

Mrs. McKinley.

Down in Ohio, in her Canton home,
A lonely widow weeps and moans,
Sighing and weeping the live-long day,
Weeping her lonely life away.

Weeping for one whom the nation mourns,
Her heart with sorrow and anguish torn,
For him who was her comfort and stay
She's weeping her lonely life away.

For the loss of our nation's greatest chief,
She weeps as only a widow can weep,
Waiting patiently day by day
To be united with him in the land of day.

A murderous heart, and a treacherous hand,
Robbed this nation of a noble man,
And his heart-broken widow sits all day
Weeping her beautiful life away.

Oh! Thou who driest the mourners' tears,
Comfort her heart, and dispel all her fears,
Till in that land of eternal day
They meet where all tears shall vanish away.

In Memory of Margaret Kniesley.

Thou art gone from our home, "Our Dear Mother,"
On earth we will see you no more,
But we know in Heaven you will greet us,
When we reach that glorified shore.

We watched till you crossed the dark river,
But there you were lost to our view,
But we know that bright angels were waiting
To bear you triumphantly through.

We will miss your bright smile, "Our Dear Mother,"
As the journey of life we pursue;
But we know you are happy with Jesus,
And we hope to reign with Him too.

You trusted in Jesus our Saviour,
 Took His Word for your counsel and guide,
 And in death He did not forsake you,
 But was with you, through death's chilly tide.

To your low narrow bed we've consigned you,
 With the flowers that in life you loved best,
 While our hearts in their anguish seemed breaking;
 But Jesus knows what is best.

This life had its cares and its sorrows;
 This body was tortured with pain;
 But her spirit has joined with the ransomed—
 Our loss is her eternal gain.

We don't mourn thee as dead, "Our Dear Mother,"
 But only as gone on before,
 And loved ones were watching and waiting,
 To greet you when life's journey was o'er.

You left by example and precept
 A legacy worth more than gold.
 May we all follow close in your footsteps,
 And at last reach the heavenly goal.

Yes, we've laid you away, "Our Dear Mother"
 From sorrow, temptation and pain,
 When the last trumpet sounds its awakening
 We know that we'll meet you again.

In Memory of Margaret Stansell.

The life that was so beautiful,
Was beautiful in death,
Although the soul had gone to God
And we were left bereft.

As we gazed upon that placid face
We knew that all was well,
What her enraptured spirit knew
No mortal tongue could tell.

Her life was spent in doing good,
She lightened many a care,
And erring ones were brought to God
By her counsel and her prayers.

She was a living monument
Of God's abiding love,
And hoped and prayed and labored on
Till called to heaven above.

The light of heaven shone in her face,
She lived for Him alone,
And she sees Him as He is,
And worships at His throne.

Oh! may we profit by that life
So full of hope and cheer,
Like her be faithful to the end,
And meet death without fear.

My Little Curly-Head.

I call her little Curly-head
Because her nut-brown hair
Lays in such little roguish curls
Around her brow so fair.

And when I look into her face,
And take her dimpled hand,
I say, "Was ever there a child
So fair in all the land?"

And when you call her by her name,
Although you may be near,
She looks direct the other way
And feigns she does not hear.

Then all at once she looks around
With that coquettish smile,
And mother clasps her in her arms,
She's such a dear, good child.

And when at last her eyelids close,
And I tuck her in her bed,
I raise my heart to heaven and say,
"God bless my Curly-head."

The Iriquois Fire.

The Iriquois Theatre, Chicago, Ill., was burned December 30, 1903.

The Iriquois Theatre had been opened that day,
And was crowded with people to see the first play;
Then the cry of fire! a flame, and a roar,
And a panic ensued with a mad rush for the door.

Men frenzied with terror, in the worst of the strife
Trampled down women and children, in their mad
rush for life.

As the groans of the victims rose higher and higher,
Six hundred souls perished in the Iriquois fire.

Wives seeking their husbands, husbands seeking their
wives,

Children asking for parents, with heart-rending cries;
Parents hunting for children, friends looking for
friends,

While a prayer from their hearts for their safety
ascends.

The scene at the morgue beggars pen to describe,
Where willing hands sought to restore some to life.
And the prayers of the dying to heaven ascend
With the wailing of mourners for dearest of friends.

The bells in the steeples are tolling a dirge
As the bodies from the morgue are slowly emerged.

On the city has settled the deepest of gloom,
While hundreds of victims are borne to the tomb.

Language fails to describe it, and who is to blame.
O ill-fated building, there's a stain on thy name;
You have plunged our fair city in calamity dire,
With the hearts that are broken by the Iriquois fire.

Beautiful Flowers.

Bring beautiful flowers from wood and dell,
They were given by our Maker with us to dwell,
To adorn the bountiful festal board,
Where with mirth and laughter the wine is poured.

Bring fresh, bright flowers for the bride to wear,
And twine them among her golden hair;
From the scenes of her youth she's parting now.
Bring flowers to deck her fair young brow.

Bring flowers to the prisoner's lonely cell,
For thoughts of home in his memory dwells,
They will take him back to his childhood hours,
Where in innocent youth he gathered wild flowers.

Bring flowers to the couch where the sufferers lay,
They will wile the lonely hours away,
While bearing a thought of their heavenly home
Where flowers immortal for ever bloom.

Place flowers on the altar where we kneel in prayer,
 They're nature's offering, their place is there.
 For this in the wood did the violet bloom,
 And the fragrant rose give its sweet perfume.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, to lay on the bier,
 They will help to dry the mourner's tear;
 For in wintry hours they sleep in death,
 But break forth in glory at Spring's first breath.

To the silent city where we've laid
 Our loved ones in their lonely grave,
 Bring the brightest blossoms from garden and bower,
 And deck the graves of our loved ones with beautiful
 flowers.

The Miner.

Down in the depths of the cold, damp earth,
 To work for his bread the miner goes forth.
 With shovel and pick he works all day,
 With naught to cheer him but the thought of his pay.
 Shut out from the sunshine, shut out from the flowers,
 Not even the song birds that sing in the bowers
 Can reach with their songs these cold, dark, damp
 caves.

The miner is buried in a living grave.

With dreary forebodings, day after day,
 His wife labors on in the same weary way,
 Never knowing what will be his fate,
 Or how soon he'll be crushed by the treacherous
 slate.

The breaking of shafts has sent to their doom
 Hundreds of miners in manhood's full bloom.
 Or a premature explosion to them's certain death,
 And their wife and their children are then left bereft.

Thinking of their loved ones and not of themselves,
 They go down in the mines to dig and to delve,
 To bring the black diamonds from old Mother Earth,
 Do we stop to consider what such labor is worth?

Don't complain that the price of coal is too high,
 Just think of the men who suffer and die;
 And on cold winter nights when you sit by your fire
 Think of the miner, nor grudge him his hire.

Clouds and Sunshine.

Written for the L. O. T. M. M.

Do we ever stop to think
 How much depends on life,
 With all its stern realities,
 Its battles, and its strife?

Each morning finds some task begun,
At evening sees its close,
And one day's work, when rightly done,
Will bring us sweet repose.

The greatest trials of our life
Are easier borne, they say,
Than the little anxieties and cares
That we must meet each day.

Small acorns make the mighty oak,
Mole hills to mountains grow;
A thoughtless act, a hasty word,
May bring us years of woe.

The darkest clouds are silver-lined,
The sun may shine tomorrow,
And one short hour of hallowed bliss
Shades years of previous sorrow.

That constant dropping wears a stone,
Has been proven in the past.
The pitcher oft goes to the well,
But it is broke at last.

And we're too often found repining
That our lot in life should be
Cast in such a humble station,
And we long to be set free;

Long to do deeds great and noble,
Long to make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

In our haste for fame and pleasure
We forget the nobler things.
He who saves a soul from error
Hides a multitude of sins.

In this world of sin and sorrow
There's no time for idle play,
We must leave the clouds behind us
And shed sunshine on the way.

If we only comprehended
What the Word of God implies:
It's not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

The Beautiful Snow.

See! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Coming from the clouds to the earth below,
Emblem of purity, spotless and white,
Clothing the earth in a mantle of light.

See! as the sun in its brilliancy shines,
 It sparkles like gems from earth's richest mines.
 Fairer and purer than earth's richest gem,
 The beautiful snowflakes from heaven descend.

But soon it is sullied by the dust and the sleet,
 And the tramping of hoofs and hurrying of feet;
 And the rain, and the sunshine, speed it along;
 Like the song birds of summer, how soon it is
 gone.

So man, when he came from his Maker and God,
 Was spotless and pure as in Eden he trod,
 But through his disobedience came the terrible fall,
 And sin's blighting curse hangs o'er the earth
 like pall.

Left to himself man was lost and undone,
 But God, in His goodness, sent His own precious
 Son.
 And from Calvary's cross, see His crimson blood
 flow
 To cleanse us from sin till we're whiter than snow.

Church Creeds.

"I believe in God, the Father, Maker of heaven and
 earth,"
 This is the creed of the whole Christian church;

But I notice most churches have creeds of their
own,
And some bow down to images hewn of marble
and stone.

Now the Catholics believe that by penance and
prayers,
At the gates of St. Peter some favors they'll share.
While for sins, mortal or venial, no matter how
stained,
They seek through the confessional absolution to
gain.

The Episcopalians hold different views,
For the clergy expounds with response from the
pews,
And the prestige from all other churches they'd rob,
But the first isn't always a first-class job.

The Universalists say, "Though Adam did fall,
When Christ died to save us He died to save all,
And through Him redemption is paid in advance;
And the saints and the sinners all have the same
chance.

The Adventists tell us one day out of seven,
To their enlightened minds, has been especially
given,

(With a few passages of Scripture) and if we heed
their advice

We would always be looking for second coming of
Christ.

The Spiritualists say our friends gone before
Are around and about us the same as of yore.
And to them (through the Medium) access has been
given

To communicate with spirits long since gone to
heaven.

The Scientists tell us that science will cure
(With a little faith added) all the ills we endure,
That all human ailments incident to mankind
Do not really exist—only just in your mind.

The Congregationalists expand like a big rubber
ball,

And get on very nicely with no creed at all.
Just gather in the congregation, and preach from
the Word,

And no orders from bishops ever are heard.

The Baptists hold close communion you know,
And poor mortals outside don't stand any show;
And of course they think immersion's all right—
For they have to be dipped till they're clean out
of sight.

The Presbyterians move on with a firm, steady pace,
For once they're established they're always in grace.
While if Methodists happen to get out of line,
They can jump on the next train and get there on
time.

You see we believe in falling from grace,
But still, we're holding our own in the race.
It matters very little which road we take
So long as we enter the pearly gate.

Church creeds may divide us, our work seem apart,
But as Christian people we're all one in heart;
Our aims, our objects, our motives, are one,
And I trust we'll all hear the welcome, "Well done!"

Though troubles assail us, and dangers betide,
With "Truth" for our creed and "God" for our guide,
We'll weather the storms of life's wintry blast,
And enter the portals of glory at last.

Smiles or Frowns.

If for every angry look or word
We would give a smile or caress,
How much of sunshine we would shed on our way,
How many lives we would bless.

Instead of the scornful look we give
To those less blest than we,
If we'd give them a cheerful word or smile
How much happier their lives would be.

If your pathway in life is brighter than theirs,
Help others, 'twill lighten their load.
And they may gain the summit at last,
Along life's wearisome road.

Envy and strife are bitter weeds
That grow in the poorest soil,
And when once rooted we cannot subdue
No matter how hard we toil.

If we'd count the blessings that come each day
How happy our lives would be.
Then take all the envy, scorn and hate,
And bury them all in Lethe.

Bring Back my Wandering Girl.

Bring back my wandering girl to me,
Once she was my pride and care,
As she prattled about in childish glee
Or I taught her her evening prayer.

Chorus:

Bring back my wandering girl;
Bring back my wandering girl;
For mother is longing to clasp in her arm,
And forgive her poor, wandering girl.

Her soul was as pure as the stars above,
Her heart was light and free,
But the tempter came and allured her away
And stole my darling from me.

Tell her the light in the window still burns,
And mother is watching to see
The face of her wayward, wandering girl,
Will someone go bring her to me?

You say she has fallen too low to redeem,
Perhaps so in the eyes of the world,
But a mother will never condemn her own child.
Then bring back my wandering child.

It was not the righteous that Christ came to save,
But he stooped to a lost, ruined world,
Oh, "Father in heaven, have mercy I pray,
And pardon my wandering girl."

I've Committed my All to Him.

I've committed my soul to Christ my Lord,
With all that I have and am,
And I know He'll keep to the perfect day
What I've left in His loving hands.

Chorus:

I've committed my all to Him;
I've committed my all to Him;
And I know He is able and willing to keep
What I have committed to Him.

The cares of this world rise mountain high,
And the world looks dark and grim,
But His guiding hand and all-seeing eye
Directs what's committed to Him.

I have loved ones far away from God
Still treading the paths of sin,
But I know they'll be saved in His own good time,
Because they're committed to Him.

I'll look by faith in a dying hour,
When the light of this world grows dim,
And know I'm saved from sin and its power,
Because I'm committed to Him.

Wanderer Come.

Oh, wandering soul, come now to the Lord,
 And trust in His power to save,
 He bore all your sins on Calvary's brow,
 Your debt of redemption is paid.

Chorus:

O! wanderer come, the Saviour calls,
 His saving grace is free to all.
 Come! trust His grace, He'll set you free.
 His loving heart now yearns for thee,

He has patiently waited, oh, give Him your heart,
 And trust Him in future for all things to come,
 In the joys of the saved you may have a part,
 And behold Him at last on His throne.

You are sin-sick and weary, your soul is depressed,
 But He tenderly careth poor sinner for thee;
 Come then to this Saviour, find mercy and rest,
 And be cleansed from your sins and set free.

Peace, Be Still.

When the disciples of Jesus had entered the ship,
 And the multitudes He'd sent away,

In the fourth watch they saw Jesus coming to them,
And the winds and the waves He defied.

When the disciples saw Him walk on the sea
They were troubled and sorely dismayed.
But Jesus spoke to them, saying, "Be of good cheer,
It is I, then be not afraid."

And Peter answered, "Lord, if it be Thou,
Bid me come on the water to Thee."
When Jesus said, "Come," he his Master obeyed,
And stepped out on the boisterous sea.

But doubting Peter beginning to sink,
"Lord, save or I perish," he cried;
Then Jesus stretched forth his hand for to save
His penitent tempest-tossed child.

O little of faith, wherefore didst thou doubt
The wind and the waves at My will?
He entered the ship and soon it was calm
For the Master said, "Peace, be still."

Jesus Stay by Me.

Written on the death of James McKenzie, who was drowned at
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Though billows of sorrow over me roll,
And dark the waters may be,
I'll fear no ill from the waves' cold chill
If the Master stays by me.

Chorus:

Jesus, stay by me; Jesus, stay by me,
Though I sink in the waters of death's dark gloam.
I'll rise triumphantly from the tomb,
If the Master stays by me.

When sinking beneath the waters so deep,
No help nor succor I see,
On Thee I'll rely and fear not to die,
If Jesus stays by me.

When through the valley of death I've passed
And my soul from its bondage is free,
I'll shout exultingly over the past,
For the Master has stayed by me.

Cuba Before the War.

By General Weyler's stern decree
The Cubans from their homes did flee,
And refuge sought in mountains high,
Or in crowded cities left to die.

While living in their homes secure
They were driven forth from their own doors,
Or by Spanish soldiers murdered there,
And Uncle Sam don't seem to care.

But Spain must now her claims relax,
Nor bleed the Cubans with a tax,
For Cuba will not compromise,
But gain her freedom with their lives.

America looks on and sees
Poor Cuba's fight for liberty.
Why not regard their beligerency
And set poor, struggling Cuba free?

If Uncle Sam would interfere
The Cubans would his name revere,
And every nation would applaud
The man who claims to worship God.

Cuba After the War.

The poor Cubans have striven for years, but in vain,
Their efforts were futile to break Spanish chains,
And the cry of oppression came over the sea,
Come over and help us from the land of the free.

The slaves of the South felt the lash, heard the curse,
But the Cuban's conditions have been far, far worse,
For Spanish tyranny had bound them in chains,
And they are starving and dying their freedom to
gain.

Spain's treachery and greed was carried too far,
They've provoked our peaceful nation till they've
brought on this war.

Every breast swells with indignation when we think
of our slain

Who without a moment's warning were blown up on
the Maine.

This dastardly deed our nation so stirred
That the clamor for war was the only thing heard;
Then a call for our troops and naval reserves,
And they proved themselves loyal, not one of them
swerved.

The first victory was won when Manilla's harbor
was gained,

And our brave Admiral won a world-renown fame.
With his fleet all in line and Manilla in view
And Dewey in command, what didn't he do?

Admiral Sampson did noble work too,
By destroying Cervera's fleet as from the harbor
it flew.

While Shafter on land with his army so great
Took Santiago, and taught the Spaniards their fate.

Americans are made of the right kind of stuff,
And the Spaniards were glad to cry out, Enough!
And the Cubans no longer will be Spanish slaves
For the Star Spangled Banner over Cuba now waves.

We would not forget our brave boys in blue
Who endured so much hardship and suffering too,
Nor the friends of the lost ones who are now left
to mourn,
And we extend to our boys a glad welcome home.

Memorial Day.

Dedicated to Saginaw Corps, No. 57.

What means all this stir? These fifes and these
drums?

What brings these old soldiers out from their homes
To march to the music they've oft marched to
before,

When they were weary with marching, lame and
footsore?

What strange inspiration fills each soldier's breast
As they answer the roll call with vigor and zest,
Then march with their comrades to the last resting
place

Of those who with them have the cannon ball
faced?

The children are singing our National songs,
The silent city with people is thronged,
All bringing nature's offering, this thirtieth of May,
In honor of our dead. It's Memorial Day.

When the war cloud darkened this fair land of ours,
And the slaves of the South felt tyranny's power;
It was then these brave men went forth in the strife,
And fought for our flag, its stars and its stripes.

From that war this nation rose to honor and fame,
And slavery will never again curse its name.
For the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
And America's sons will never be slaves.

We honor the men who so nobly fought
For the freedom of speech and the freedom of
thought.
They freed the poor slaves from bondage and
chains,
Though to free them many thousands of our soldiers
were slain.

In grateful remembrance deck each soldier's grave,
For beneath that green sod lies a heart true and
brave.
Speak softly, tread lightly, for him have a care,
For somebody's darling lies buried there.

Somebody's darling that once wore the blue,
Somebody's darling 'neath the sod and the dew.
Some soldier boy who his life freely gave
That the flag of the free might over us wave.

Our Relief Corps work will never be done
While the Star Spangled Banner floats under the
sun.

To perpetuate their memory there's only one way,
That's the sacred observance of Memorial Day.

Let us work with our might and uphold the hands
Of the few that are left of that once mighty band;
And say to our soldiers, so brave and so true,
You stood by our flag, now we'll each stand by you.

Our cause is a just one, so we'll labor on,
And work for the soldier and his dependent ones;
To the suffering and needy send a message of love,
Till each soldier has answered the roll call above.

Thanksgiving Day.

The Mayflower brought from over the sea
A band of men, women and children to the land of
the free.

When first they set foot on American sod
They found freedom of thought and to worship their
God.

They wrought out from the forests for themselves
happy homes;
Our sturdy forefathers had sinew and bone

To fell the mighty oak with their powerful arm;
Thus they brought down the forests and cleared up
their farms.

And they planted their corn and harrowed their
grain,

And trusted in God for the sunshine and rain.
An abundant harvest did their labors repay,
And they said let us have a Thanksgiving Day.

With grateful hearts the feast they prepared,
From their bountiful harvest each one freely shared.
But meat for the banquet nowhere could be found
Until a flock of wild turkeys came hovering around.

Some marksmen shot at the birds on the wing,
And several fowl to the earth they did bring.
Thus the feast was made perfect and the poor
turkey's fate
Is ever the same, for he's still up-to-date.

In this broad land of ours, in every hamlet or town,
On Thanksgiving Day the turkey is found.
And of all the feathered tribe the turkey's adored,
And his majesty still graces the Thanksgiving board.

In our joy and our feasting may we always strive
To keep the spirit of our forefathers ever alive.
And with grateful hearts may each one of us pray,
Lord make us thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

Christmas Day.

The house is ringing with laughter and glee,
The candles are lit in the big Christmas tree.
The mistletoe hangs from the lamp in the hall
To catch the unwary who come for a call.

The holly wreath hangs in the front window-pane,
A sure sign that Christmas is with us again;
And jolly old Santa Claus came here last night
And brought us all presents tied with ribbon so
bright.

Big brother Jack got a dandy new sled,
And a pair of skates, after we all went to bed;
And sister Nellie got so many nice things,
Perfume and candies, and beads on a string.

Dear little Flossie got a pretty new doll,
And fat baby Fred a big rubber ball.
Father, he got a pair of slippers, he'll use
Them cold evenings when he reads us the news.

Mother got kerchiefs and aprons so white,
And she looks so happy, her heart seems so light,
But dear old grandma sits in her chair
Thinking of the dear ones that used to be there.

As she looks at the presents she has received,
And thinks how unselfish she used to give

To those boys and girls now grown up and away,
Do they think of her this bright Christmas Day?

If they do, they usually think in this way,
That mother is old, her hair is now gray,
So we won't give her luxuries, that wouldn't pay,
Just something she's got to have anyway.

Remember she's not too old to enjoy
A good book, or some candies, from her darling
boy;

Or some dainty kerchiefs, or an apron of white,
From a daughter would make her old heart so light.

Don't make her feel her dependence in all that
you do,

Just think of all that she's done for you,
You owe her a debt you never can pay,
Then make her heart glad on each Christmas Day.

New Year's Day, 1906.

The old year has gone, it has made its last bow,
And the glad new year is here with us now.
As we bid the old year a last fond adieu,
Let's resolve in the new to do what our hands find
to do.

It has been the custom in a general way
To make good resolutions on "New Year's Day."
And some are inclined to make it quite brief
And say they're going to turn a new leaf.

But good resolutions, without practice you see,
Are very little good to you or to me.
The road to Hades is paved, so they say,
With good resolutions made day after day.

Then let us resolve in the coming new year
To take up life's burdens in whatever sphere,
And when duty calls us, say: Here, Lord, am I.
Ready to work, to do, or to die.

The pathway of duty is not always smooth,
Not always the path for ourselves we would choose.
But its the pathway of safety, of peace and content,
And at the end of our journey, a life that's well
spent.

Then let us endeavor in the coming year
To do our whole duty, without favor or fear.
So when the year that is with us has passed from
our sight
We can truthfully say we have tried to do right.

Good Friday.

This day, that means so much to all,
"When the debt was 'paid for Adam's fall"
Where on Calvary's brow, "by God's own plan,"
The debt was paid for fallen man.

He saw our lost and ruined state,
And saved us from impending fate.
Although the price of sin was great,
He saved us from our lost estate.

Behold Him nailed upon the cross,
Derided by the Jews,
But still He pleads, "Father, forgive,
They know not what they do."

Oh! poor, deluded, short-sighted Jews,
When they crucified Him, how little they knew
That down through the ages each penitent soul
Has life through His death while eternity rolls.

Easter Dawn.

Oh! blessed, blessed, Easter morn,
When Mary, at the break of dawn,
Came to the sepulchre and wept,
And her tryst kept where Jesus slept.

Behold! the stone was rolled away,
 Vacant the place where Jesus lay,
 The empty tomb, the sleeping guards,
 Oh! tell me where to find my Lord.

But Jesus said, "Why weepest thou?
 I am not dead, but living now,
 The stone, the seal, the soldier guards
 Were not enough to hold your Lord."

Trembling and affrighted Mary ran
 To tell the news to doubting man.
 The disciples all with one accord,
 Said, "You've not seen a risen Lord."

But Jesus said, "Stretch forth thine hand
 And place it in My wounded palm,
 And thrust your hand into My side,
 Your risen Lord was crucified."

"I've burst the fetters of the tomb,
 And robbed the grave of all its gloom,
 Who lives for Me shall never die,
 But reign for ever up on high."

An Odd-Fellow's Experience.

I knew a Canadian, once on a time,
 Who to better his condition crossed over the line,

He had taken several degrees, rode the Odd-Fellows' goat,
 And had the three links of the Order on the lapel
 of his coat.

This gentleman at home in his own native town
 Was a merchant, a citizen of note and renown.
 But business reverses wrought a great change,
 So he sought Uncle Sam his wealth to regain.

To Kansas he went with little delay,
 But found little work and very small pay.
 At last driven desperate, he knew not what to do,
 He became a dock-walloper and was one of the crew.

He had handled dry goods of every kind,
 But handling green lumber was not in his line.
 After working three days, hands and clothes all
 begrimed,
 The foreman informed him he'd no use for him.

He sought other employment, found nothing to do,
 Days and weeks passed, still no work in view.
 While looking around he saw a sign on the wall,
 His heart leaped within him, 'twas an Odd-Fellows' hall.

He entered the hall, found true brothers there
 Who were ready and willing his burdens to share;
 He told them he'd lost all desire to roam
 So they made up a purse and sent the man home.

It's conceded to be the general rule,
 That experience teaches a very good school,
 And I can assure you this same Mr. Van
 Returned to his home a much wiser man.

The Old and the Young.

We have to admit the young folks are advanced,
 But I'm glad to give the old folks a chance
 To tell us the things they used to do,
 And what they tell us we know will be true.

How well I remember—at the setting of sun
 When the cows were all milked and the day's
 spinning done,
 And the men folks had taken care of the stock,
 And the pumpkins were gathered and the corn in
 the shock,

And we all were invited to a bee husking corn,
 We went off so merrily—some carried tin horns;
 As we stripped the yellow corn, we were merry,
 some loud,
 And the boy who found a red ear might kiss the
 crowd.

Then after the work the supper came on—
 Just such a supper as you get on a farm—

Pumpkin sass and dried berries, mince pies and
Dutch cheese,
And I'm afraid after supper we weren't quite at
our ease.

Then an apple pareing would be next in line,
And we all looked forward to such a good time,
Trying to keep a pareing whole to throw on the floor,
And the initial it made would sure come to our door.

Then at spelling-school we had such good times,
When two champions chose us all up in line,
And the schoolmaster gave out the words, all around,
And the first word we missed we had to sit down.

Then came singing school, my! that was the place
Where the boys and the girls tried to excel in the
race,
And we had no mercy on our lungs or our throats,
We were learning to sing by the old buckwheat
notes,

But we went to church, and prayer-meeting too,
For it was an awful thing to be missed from our pew,
And at Sunday school, no matter how much time
it took,
We recited whole chapters from the sacred Old
Book.

The girls of today play the piano you know,
And sing classical music they can't reach on tip-toe;

Make Batenburg, and the finest Point lace,
For out in the kitchen for them is no place.

My advice would be to those girls of song,
Learn things that are useful as you go along—
For there's nothing substantial in frivolity and show
And no refinement is desirable that excludes labor
you know.

We said "father," and "mother," treated them with
respect,
'Twas not the "old man," and "old woman," that
we could neglect,
And their word was law, and we had to abide,
For if we didn't we knew woe would betide.

Our pleasures were few and of the simplest kind,
There was nothing to debase or injure the mind.
An occasional stroll on a bright summer's night—
Now the young folks go for a hike down the pike.

The young men of today play billiards and pool,
And know it all before they get half-way through
school,
If they can get some tobacco and an old corn-cob
pipe,
Or a bunch of cigarettes they think they're all right.

They take trapeze exercise for their physical good,
But there's two things they don't like, that's work
and saw wood,

They hold their shoulders erect, they're quite stylish
snobs,

But not one out of ten can hold down a job.

If they succeed in getting a few coins in their purse,
They marry some girl, next thing's a divorce;

If we remonstrate with them for the course that they
take,

We're only old fogies, and not up-to-date.

But we're getting old, we'll soon be laid on the shelf,
And I realize I'll soon be there myself;

For the young folks tell us, by their looks and their
flout,

That the old folks of today aren't of no real account.

If, down here on earth, we don't get a fair show,
There's one consolation, there's a heaven you know,

Where they say that everything is done on the
square,

And we'll be all right if we only get there.

The Street Car Strike, Saginaw, Mich., 1905.

The street car strike isn't settled yet,

Don't think 'twill ever be,

Don't seem to be getting down to bizz,

So far as I can see.

The Union men are walking now,
Their wives are walking too
And if I don't miss my guess
There are others—"quite a few,"

Who out of sympathy do not ride,
Or else for business' sake
Themselves and clerks just take a hike,
No matter if they're late.

For eight long weeks the cars have run
With few to patronize,
For most the people were afraid
To venture their sweet lives.

But there were always three aboard,
No matter where they stopped,
The conductor and the motorman
And the officious cop.

The rich folks do not mind it much,
They have their coach and four,
Or a steaming auto always is
Drawn up before the door.

The poor man sighs within his heart,
I wonder how it feels,
Oh! how I wish that I could have
A ride in that 'mobile.

But now, law me! just think of it,
 Will wonders never cease?
 The poor man rides in a 'mobile
 For five cents, if you please.

Next thing we know the Alliance man
 Will have a flying machine,
 For riding 'round like Union men
 I'm sure they won't be seen.

My advice to them is, "Stop and think"
 Before you start that game,
 If the Union man hasn't got the cash
 He gets there just the same.

My Mohawk Maid.

'Mid nature's realm of spreading trees,
 Where songs of birds waft on the breeze,
 By Shannon's streams, 'neath cooling shade,
 There lives my queen my Mohawk Maid.

Chorus:

Oh! dusky maid with heart so true,
 With dreamy eyes of deepest hue,
 I'd leave my home and seek the glade,
 To roam with you my Mohawk Maid.

Your lithesome form and winsome grace,
Hath in my heart a resting place.
Of you I fondly, sweetly dream
And sigh for you my Mohawk Maid.

My forest queen, wilt thou be mine?
My heart so true shall all be thine,
On you my fondest hopes are staid,
My forest queen, my Mohawk Maid.

Michigan Girls.

I've wandered about in many a clime,
I've travelled by land and by sea,
Seen much of the world, and many beautiful girls,
But the Michigan girls just suit me.
The girls of the East are of course very nice,
And the bravest of girls in the West,
And the Southern beauties are fair to see,
But our Michigan girls are the best.

Chorus:

The Michigan girls are the best in the world.
They're right up-to-date, no mistake.
When you want a wife, you bet your sweet life,
The Michigan girl takes the cake.

You may sail the wide seas to some foreign land,
And see beauty and talent that's rare;
But for hearts that are true, and beat fondly for you,
There's none like our own can compare.
So when you want a wife to comfort your life,
That knows how to make puddings and cakes,
Just stay right at home, for it's folly to roam,
From the girl of the Wolverine State.

Papa's Money Paves the Way.

When a foreign dude, with a handle to his name,
Comes over to this country, he surely is game,
His title gives him prestige, he's strictly in the swim,
And the girls with the money are all after him.

Chorus:

For the girls of today, know money paves the way.
And they're determined a title to buy,
Papa's money will do it, no matter if they rue it,
That will be in the sweet bye-and-bye.
If he's a man or a brute, if he's only a duke,
Or an earl, or a count, or a prince, he is cute;
If he can't speak a word of English you know
The man with the title always has the best show.

And papa is willing his money should buy
 A title for his daughter, she's rising so high;
 Then away to some foreign country she goes,
 With her dude and his title, papa's money to blow.

The first thing you know there's trouble over there,
 And the lady with the title has a husband to spare,
 While papa's bank account has grown beautifully less,
 He brings his daughter home—you know the rest.

The Nice Summer Girl Turns You Down.

The summer girl goes to the sea-side you know
 Where she can flirt and dance as she please,
 She thinks it is fine, goes for "a time,"
 And her papa pays all the fees.
 It's her first summer out, but she hasn't a doubt
 She can capture a lord or a duke.
 Anything less than that will find where he's at
 When he gets her first gentle rebuke.

Chorus:

For she'll dance and she'll smile, to allure you awhile,
 When you get serious, she turns with a frown,
 How dare you intrude? I think you're real rude,
 And the nice summer girl turns you down.

But don't let it worry or make you feel blue,
She's not worthy of even a thought.
There's as good fish in the sea I know you'll agree
As any that's ever been caught.
And when the next time you throw out your line,
Just throw it the opposite way,
And fish for a girl that's not in the whirl,
And I think you'll find it will pay.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 674 2